

....for the destruction of civilization, and for the re-connection to life!

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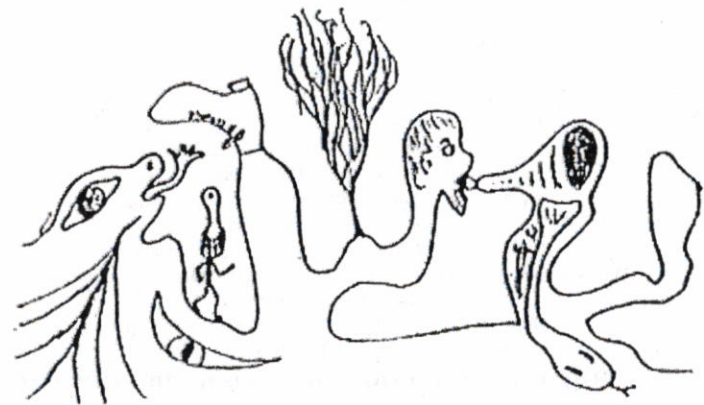
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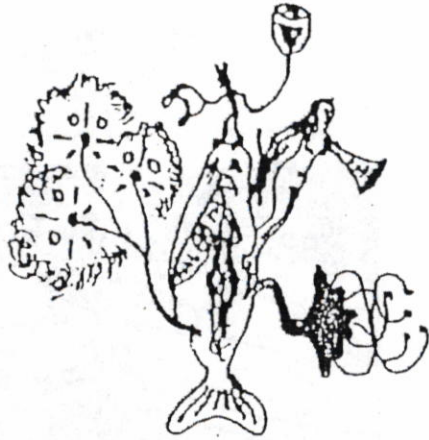
REASONS OF FLAME



Poetry and other writings

by

Wolfgang Landstreicher



Afterword: On Poetic Living

When I speak of poetry, I am not talking about versifying or wordsmithing. I am speaking about creating lives of passion, intensity and wonder. I call those people poets who go into the world with the creative intention of living life to the full. They may then choose to express the wonder, the intensity, the passion - the marvelous - that they discover in words, but the Words are not their poetry - their lives are.

Those who try to pass themselves off as poets at most "poetry" readings have little to do with real poetry. The sonorous, pontificating voices With which they choose to read their banal Verses prove that they have more in common with papish priests and sleazy televangelists, those buzzards voyeuristically feeding off the corpse of the marvelous banalized. A true poet in the midst of these slimy ghouls can only have the lycanthropic urge to rip out throats ill order to stop the insipid babblings of these sentimental saps.



INSURGENT PASSION, FLAMING REASON

Dreams of revolution set our hearts on fire
And fill our nights with the most dangerous caresses.
This world's icy and dreamless logic will never touch our minds,
Because our reasons are the reasons of flame.
WE WERE BORN INTO A WORLD

WHERE:

Dreams and desires have been locked within the

cages of psychotherapeutic interpretations;
Revolt has been bound with the fetters of moribund
leftist ideologies;
Creativity has been enslaved to the sadistic masters, art and literature;
The marvelous has been handcuffed to the cops of
mysticism and mythology;
Reality has lost the ability to laugh at itself and its
foibles and so suppresses a truly playful spirit;
Thought has become a rigidly armored fortress
protecting its ideological foundations from every criticism;
Revolution has had its passion organized out of existence leaving only structural rigor
mortis where once insurgence breathed and danced.
This world has ceased to bring forth amazing monsters;
It is no longer a conduit for the marvelous;
It has lost touch with the convulsive beauty of love and lust;
It can no longer give birth to babies with wings;
It has ceased growing and begun to rot;
It has suppressed surreality wherever this marvelous
flower has bloomed.
Therefore, from now on, surreality will manifest in:
Dreams and desires freed from all interpretation and
sublimation, being the living energies of free
spirited individuals;
Total revolt against every aspect of social reality including the ideologies that strive to
squeeze this revolt into the limited mold of leftist activism;
The free-spirited creation of our lives for ourselves, lived to the limits against ever role
and rule;
The discovery of the marvelous in each unique being,
free from any mystical or religious guidelines;
The humor and playfulness of free-spirited individuals
who realize their strength and creativity in their
own joyful foolishness;
Open, expansive, generous thinking which grows from the inner strength of free-spirited
rebels;

These epileptic seizures never caused the harm
 that springs from monolithic orders,
 and the ways were full
 and bountiful with laughter,
 like a flea who'd found the universe too small.
 The horse whose head
 had turned to bowls of cherries
 juggled all your canopies
 of green tomorrows
 in the fiery spheres of chocolate nights.
 It was here that we drank those wines
 whose delicate flavors
 reminded one of the kidneys of Jack the Ripper
 danced upon in twilight escapades.
 We were the monkeys flickering tongues off flame
 which made this dream
 the laughter of nights
 beyond the blind eyes
 floating in the soup
 of Heracleitus' malice.

WAR ON THE COPS AND OTHER LEGAL
 TERRORISTS!

WAR ON ALL WHO FIGHT AGAINST THE
 MOON, THE STARS, THE NIGHT!

The forces of darkness gather, untamed chaos erupting forth, a volcano of passion. We
 are strong and heroic, for our own desires are our energy. The lust for life lived to the full,
 for burning passion and wild adventure fuels us. We will NOT be stopped! For where we
 are put down, always we rise again, the wild ones who will have nothing less than a world
 of wonder.



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II

A world of wonder - one in which we bring forth the
 amazing monsters of our imaginations - will be a world in
 which terror exists... But not terror as we know it in the
 world of order.

Terrorism is an activity of the forces of order, or those
 who have or desire to have power. It has no interest in
 ecstatic terror, only in the subliminal terror of every day

and somberly danced with the cardboard image
 of giraffes in flight.
 It was a nightmare sewn together
 from the scraps of your elevated slippers
 which adorned the feet of a calamitous hippopotamus.
 He smoothly removed
 the whitened moles
 from the bottle caps
 of this elevated train car.
 When all this ceased to amaze,
 I leapt into our first-hand carriage
 and laughed like a leopard
 with multiple heads
 developing those systems of chaos and love.
 It was here that the potpourri
 of science
 overthrew its own calumniated discipline
 and danced upon razor blades
 to the hot horns of a hellish debacle.
 We never wondered why this should not be,
 but rather spilled the wine
 in ravenous drips
 down the elephantine caverns
 of flowery, anal throats.
 SOMETHING GREEN
 Callously separated cranial passage
 designed like something green
 Which dances and sways
 tit the victim's dreams,
 as to the cerebral contingent's
 dance and play,
 I don't consider it the realm of banisters
 to vomit tip strange hues.
 This mystery dwells in caverns
 filled with conifers
 and the teeth of rare sharks.
 Deliberate monastic orders fall
 over the influence of Vaginal tics
 and clitoral laughter.
 Who said you were of Virginal dreams?
 I spread my fingers through moisture dreaming.
 I laugh like the climbing pizza
 thrown in the face of orchestral jazz
 and find an apish grin inside your bucket.
 Run into the night of grey petunias

Within the hidden realms, beyond the knowledge of order - there we meet - the wild ones,
 the free spirits. We dance, we sing, we feast, we make love freely. We break down the
 walls of civilization so that free life can spread. Where we live cannot be named, for all
 names are ties. It has no boundaries - it exists wherever we are. Authority has no control
 within our realm for we are beyond all rule. We are chaotic outlaws, creating free life in
 the cracks of society through the untamed play of pleasure.

I WILL NOT BE TOLERATED!

I demand the burning fires of passion, the untamed
 conflagration of desire without constraint, of lust
 without limits. Love me with an energy that cannot be
 denied - or hate me with a fury so intense your glance
 could wither me were not my passions equal to your own
 - but DO NOT TOLERATE ME!

Toleration is a sickness of bourgeois society that
 smothers us in boredom - a cop inside our heads that
 keeps us passive in the name of social harmony. SHIT ON
 SOCIAL HARMONY! Let the hot, ecstatic energy of
 IMPASSIONED VIOLENCE burn through us! LET ALL THE
 GRAND, VOLCANIC ENERGY OF OUR REPRESSED PASSIONS
 ERUPT, A VIOLENT, EXPLOSION OF HATRED AND LOVE,
 FURY AND ECSTASY, DESTROYING MEDIOCRITY -
 destroying all that bores us - BEFORE WE'RE BORED TO
 DEATH!!!

Those who choose to tolerate - to merely exist - will be
 BURIED IN THE FECAL MEDIOCRITY THAT TOLERATION
 CREATES - Let them drown in the boring shit they have
 chosen... But none of that for us who truly choose to live.
 Coursing through our veins are dreams and visions,
 passions and desires, the chaos that can birth a dancing
 star - don't dam this wild and fiery flood with that
 disgusting cancer - toleration. Demand of every
 encounter amazement, wonder, ecstatic passion. AMAZE
 AND BE AMAZED!

I WILL NOT LET MY LIFE SLIP FROM MY GRASP IN
 PASSIVE BOREDOM! I WILL BURN - A CONFLAGRATION
 OF UNTAMED DESIRE! A SOARING PHOENIX IN FLAMES
 WHICH CANNOT BE IGNORED!!! I will live my life in a
 burning heat of untamed lust and passion! With a violent
 ecstasy, I will demand (of myself) - I will CREATE a world of wonder and amazement.
 No more will free spirits put up with being bored and passive.
 ENOUGH! IN FACT, TOO MUCH!!!

WE WILL BURN and in our burning, burn society to the
 ground.

TAKE THE TORCH TO TOLERATION!

over landscapes
 ripe with grey petunias
 and vermilion ottomans
 on which the snails of verdant passion
 raised their horns,
 a toast to fiery lust?
 When I embraced your seething' storm,
 the undulating flesh
 of a thousand dancing mermaids,
 you turned and laughed
 at the algebraic method
 with which the pompous towers
 had turned our platypus dreams
 into the calculations
 of a flattened scheme.
 But what could stop
 our serpentine dance
 of tangle vines
 of dripping, colored foxes,
 juicier than the daring escapades
 of a strangely simian outlaw,
 this man whose razor
 was the laughter of the moon in heat
 and whose chorus
 was a howling ocelot
 jumping from the treetops
 toward the stars?



ideologies or dogmas, no masks or disguises. We face
 society with ourselves - BOLDLY - as its enemies. Our
 passions, our desires are the energy with which we live our lives - HOW CAN WE
 LOSE!?! For, indeed, it is our lightning-bolts of SPONTANEOUS, CHAOTIC, EROTIC
 ENERGY, these flashes of FREE LIFE, that could spark a fire of REBELLIOUS
 PASSION that will raze society to the ground!!!



III

Free spirited rebels cannot tolerate economy. Wherever it exists, constraint exists.
 Its demands that we pay, that we sacrifice, that we work, that we accept less than the
 fullness of life which we desire nauseate us! But we will not let ourselves be passively
 sickened by this vampire, sucked dry of real life. NO! For while we live within its midst,
 we will be ROBIN HOODS - stealing what we can for our own pleasure and to share as
 we desire, breaking down property and exchange in festive games of theft and free
 sharing. We will NOT tolerate the half life which economy offers nor allow ourselves to
 be made into pawns in its game.

For economy sucks the wonder out of life and steals its beauty. All that would be
 vibrant, dancing, burning with WILD PASSION, it has strangled with a price tag. Where
 there could be a world of wondrous lovers, mad adventurers and amazing monsters who
 NEVER COUNT THE COST, instead we find commodities for sale. But we will not
 offer ourselves to the sacrificial altar of the market. Nor will we passively watch as the

us to laughing, panting, howling ribbons! Learning to be the pluriverses by ingesting all in our own ecstasies! What wonder we could find in each other's caresses!" Damn! - Why can't the world be so free that my embraces could encompass those beautiful women, those wonderful "straight" men, the marvelous children, the moon, the stars, everything in a pleasure that goes beyond "sexual" or any other social category for pleasures. - How do you express the longing for a world in which singing and dancing are the way we speak - in which poetry has disappeared because the intensity and beauty of our lives and interactions makes poetry irrelevant, a poor imitation of a reality where we live in dreams more beautiful than we have yet imagined - Intoxicated with ourselves and with each other.

MITUS' REVENGE

Vaginal fluids in compass
develop the delight of corpulent chaos.
Such dreams as a rat might erode
for simple populoids,

I cried like a swansong

howling in the wind,
somerly dancing in leaps
of carbuncle sauce,
such tales have fallen and devoured my madness -
key to the triangular horse of Mitus.

IN THE JUNGLE

REVOLT LIES DREAMING

I never knew how the screaming of doves could follow you through a whirlpool of
desiccated
albumen

like the dancing feet of a jackal in heat
whose bloodied face dreamed of delectable foundations
of purple hands
from which hung the silver cross of Ardennes,
home to the elephants' jazz club
where the merry dismemberment of senators was a
theme for blowing hot.

Cats dug the mountainside wine casks with flowing

streams of stars
and wombats which circled the afternoon fair of
delights.

"Death to the pigs!" screamed a solo ferris wheel
collapsing like a tinkler toy facade
upon the heads of utterly despicable weapons poised
like green gorillas without hope.

THE RUINS OF THE WESTERN DREAM
Aluminum wastrels crinkle
into watery columns

manufacture society. Will you be a mere cog, a gear, a
toot of social order?

TO HELL WITH THE SOCIAL ORDER AND ITS PHYSICAL

BODY: TECHNOLOGY!

NED LUDD WAS RIGHT!

THE MACHINE IS THE ENEMY!
SMASH IT TO POWDER WITHOUT A GRAIN OF MERCY!!!!

THE JUNKYARDS OF HISTORY

A grey utilitarian dust smothers the landscape; it
squeezes the life drop by drop from those who have not
yet had the time to live it, in order to lubricate the
machinery of economic necessity.

They slither from the boxes they call homes, trash bin
cubicles cluttered with pastiches of pop culture with
which these dispirited cogs invent identity, an
individuality as unique as the grey malaise their passive
existence builds.

Yet from the midst of this dusty fog, this discolored,
passionless horror, suddenly strange laughter springs
forth to haunt the sleep of utility's reason; for in the
cracks and crevasses, there are vagabond jesters, fools
who serve no courts, no kings, no gods, not even
conscience,

Wanderers at the fringes - meandering through the
nights in mad adventures.

Though often we may choke upon the grey, our laughing colors smothered in the
dinginess, drawn down into the maw of passionless despair,
Yet through us whirls a mad cacophony refusing to be
channeled or suppressed.

And so a rowdy, dancing, howling band - strangely
invisible except as colors flowing through grey dreams -
flies through the night on razors edge, sifting through
the detritus utility has left behind to find the weapons
and the toys which will invent the sounds and colors of
desire without constraint.

This greyness is the stench of social rot, of civilized
decay.

Utility has filled the world with useless junk to feed
our crazed cacophony, a resource for the ruins in which
we dream our crazy colors.

For from the junkyards of history, we shall create ruins
from which bricolage symphonies of chaos will burst
forth.



ALL BLUE

All blue:

The seasons containing posters of Delilah in rags
dance about theories of alburnated creampuffs,

and the series of port wines

combine with my children of grief.

I don't complain in this October heat;

the fires dance like the ostrich

who ate the capital buildings

of manifold purpose.

The storms of your love

washed the octopus

and the glimmering streams of confetti

detested the nightmarish sheep

with their purple dewclaws.

Seldom have I seen such detestable fiddles

fed to the dream lines

of undetected mettle,

a/ of a form so crystalline

I lost my teeth

in the battle to form liquid craters

in its corrosive surface.

Like an alligator

I swam from Atlanta to

to the bean piles of New Jerseys

southern colony of monkeys.

These creatures shifted limes

into the columns of a box of molten lava

I want to throw my words around like howls of dancing
wolves

or mad songs of gypsies who have eaten the full moon.

I want to send them prancing through the tops of

jungle trees

like monkeys after coconuts or mangoes,

to turn them into lightning bolts

storming towards the stars,

tempestuous winds stirring the night sky

into a froth of jumbled passions.

Too often, so it seems, the words drop from my mouth,

laden with the poison of banality,

not fit even for the ears of pigs or kings.

But as the moon rounds out the night

and dreary grey faces close up in sleep,

I want to run screaming through the streets, the

fields, the forests,

pouring out words of crazy passion,

like strong wine into bacchanalian mouths.

Such are the crazy gypsy songs

I throw into the night:

a feral challenge.

THE MOST DELIGHTFUL POISONS

If you wonder why I do not run to your dream like

scathing gates of a new tomorrow,

If you wonder why I prefer the streams that run backwards uphill like a tiger dripping
through

forests at dawn,

My words tumbling out in torrents of nonsense and

dreamy dissembled cataracts,

It is because I have seen a dawn of assembled laziness

Actively building a playground of monkeys and dreams, A vertical nightmare toppled

among the lush fragrance

of flowers dripping with the most delightful poisons To sip of the petals fills the mouth

with an almost fatal

sweetness,

Intoxicating honeys of insurrection,

In one hand the molotov cocktail, in the other the

elixir of dreams.

"Do not wait," I was told, "do not wait for the day,

dawn."

For your own dance which blows away cops brings the

dawn.

And your dreams are too mild and pale for me,

smothered in the fear of the blood that may

spill when we make the world our own.

This was my highest moment,
my defeat of undesired
obliteration of the dawn

THE REASONABLE DESTRUCTION

OF THE FAMILY

The bloody reticulated abdomen
of somnolent zebras
is not to be mistaken for
the way my mother dances
in flowing shards of pink
volcanic glass
while drinking liquid stars
and laughing at the flowers
of unknown muskrats.

I have seen days when she flows
through amber rhythms of sound
and puffs her adder tail
to the melody of bladed
peacock tails which pierce her
to the heart
to find it made of cheesecake
and fine wine.

These were the days
when all the hoary headed ostriches
reached into their bags
to find the fluids of solar wealth
those magic monkey chips
with which the other moons of green
had made their profound philosophies
of statuesque delirium.

Had I not flowed through those legs
like the ice of contaminated fleabane,
I might have mistaken them
for the years

in which your lovely breasts
of iron and fire
had grown into the corn of Babylon
the rich grains of flowing gems,
of vibrant, radiating hair.

THE GENTLE SCREAM OF MY DESIRE

If I could speak with all the wild-eyed
courage of the damned,
I'd pour out tales as merry
and as sad as the heartbeat of a platypus
but I find myself dizzy

before it died away.

Some people's dreams cannot sit still or they will
wither. Maybe when this foolish tramp finds himself
more crazed and blazing like a storm he'll fall upon this
land again to dance his crazy dances with those he madly
loves, to flash his lightning laughter through the air - and
then to disappear as suddenly as he appeared - forever
vagabond.

CRESCENT VISION

Alas, these are times most strange,
for blue fish fly forth from the eyes of strangers
as lightning passes between the fingers of black-haired
children.

And that is not all,
for the dogs cry, "Earthquake!" though the sky is clear
and the trees are still as peacocks.

I have seen peaches strutting through the parks,
their fuzz turning into polywogs in the sun.

Expect soon an outburst of frogs
whose sweet aromas strum a melody
not unlike a grappling hook
or the teeth of a mole.

PASSIONATE STORM

As this storm that swirls through my mind casts bolts of lightning
through the vast universe of my passionate flesh,
I gaze across galaxies
into the vortex
around which this storm roars,

that calm silent center that is your eye...
The agony of love rips at my brain with hungry talons
releasing lunatic monsters,

strange population of dimensions of desire
that darken the sky with vast tornadoes
and weave landscapes to crazy for normal feet.
I sprout wings and take to these seething skies
in the hope that I might fly
into the vortex of your eye,

but these howling gales which twist and turn
play with me as with a butterfly.

Still I keep my face toward the source of this madness,
this storm I must devour with its center, my love,
as I must be devoured by you -

the monstrous love of the unique ones...
No small, no mellow dream;
nightmarish in its vast and dark dimensions.
This is the love that I must know: